

The Enterprise.

VOL. 4.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1898.

NO. 1.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.

6:55 A. M. Daily.
7:12 A. M. Daily, except Sunday.
8:12 A. M. Daily.
8:45 P. M. Daily.
6:57 P. M. Daily.
7:59 P. M. Sundays Only.
SOUTH.
7:34 A. M. Daily, except Sunday.
7:59 A. M. Sundays Only.
11:13 A. M. Daily.
4:08 P. M. Daily, except Sunday.
7:08 P. M. Daily.

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

First car from Ferry for Baden Station leaves	7:35 A. M.
First car from 30th Street for Baden Station leaves	8:12 A. M.
First car from Holy Cross for Baden Station leaves	8:50 A. M.
Last car leaves Ferry for Baden Station	4:35 P. M.
Last car leaves 30th Street for Baden Station	5:12 P. M.
Last car leaves Holy Cross for Baden Station	5:50 P. M.
Ferry car leaves Baden Station for City	8:00 A. M.
Last car leaves Baden Station for City	6:00 P. M.
Cars run between Holy Cross and Baden Station every 15 minutes from	8:50 A. M. to 5:50 P. M.

COUNTRY AND MAIN LINES.

Last car leaves Holy Cross for Ferry	10:50 P. M.
Last car leaves Ocean View for Ferry	11:43 P. M.
Last car leaves 30th Street for Ferry	12:00 M.
Last car leaves Holy Cross leaves the Ferry at	11:28 1/2 P. M.
Last car for Holy Cross leaves 30th Street at	12:02 A. M.
Last car leaves Ferry for 30th Street and Sunnyside only at	12:30 A. M.

NOTE

10:36 P. M. from 30th Street goes to Colma only.
11:27 P. M. from 30th Street goes to Ocean View only.

All Country Line Cars leaving 30th Street except the two above named will run clear through to Holy Cross Cemetery.

PARK LINE
ast car from 18th and Guerrero to Golden Gate Park
Last car from Golden Gate Park to 18th and Guerrero

11:27 P. M.
11:50 P. M.

CAPT. LEALE

TIME CARD.

Steamer leaves Jackson St. Wharf, San Francisco, for wharf at Abattoir, South San Francisco, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.
Returning to the city the same day, carrying freight and passengers both ways.

POST OFFICE.
Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

A. M. P. M.
From the North.....7:45 4:15
" " South.....7:00

MAIL CLOSES.

A. M. P. M.
North.....8:30 6:30
North.....6:15

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held by the Rev. T. Duncan Ferguson every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

MEETING NOTICE.

Regular meetings of the South San Francisco Republican Club will be held at the court room, at 8 o'clock p. m. every Thursday during the present political campaign.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every second and fourth Wednesday, at Journeyman Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Regular meeting of the Baden Democrat Club will be held at the Merriam Block, at 8 p. m. every Monday evening.

Regular meetings of the Maguire Democratic Club will be held at the Armour Hotel at 8 o'clock p. m. every Monday.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT
Hon. G. H. Buck.....Redwood City

TREASURER
P. P. Chamberlain.....Redwood City

TAX COLLECTOR
F. M. Granger.....Redwood City

DISTRICT ATTORNEY
H. W. Walker.....Redwood City

ASSESSOR
C. D. Hayward.....Redwood City

COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER
J. F. Johnston.....Redwood City

SHERIFF
J. H. Mansfield.....Redwood City

AUDITOR
Geo. Barker.....Redwood City

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Miss Etta M. Tilou.....Redwood City

CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR
Jas. Crowe.....Redwood City

SURVEYOR
W. B. Gilbert.....Redwood City

The Arkansas station recommends the following for lice on fowls. One and a-half gallons of kerosene are soaked through two and a-half pounds of Persian insect powder, forming a yellow, oily extract. Dissolve one pound of soap in one gallon of the extract, and churn until thoroughly emulsified. When using, mix one pint of this emulsion with four pints of water, and sprinkle about the house.

Roupy chicks of a roupy parentage, are a menace to successful poultry-keeping, truthfully says F. W. Proctor, Rural New Yorker.

SPAIN RULES HAVANA.

Nearly Two Hundred Thousand Troops in Cuba.

THE PROTOCOL TERMS VIOLATED.

The United States May Have to Assume a Stern Attitude to Gain Possession of the Island.

New York.—An Advertiser cable from Havana says: Although it is now within a few days of three months since the protocol, by which Spain agreed to renounce all claims to sovereignty over all her rights in the Island of Cuba, and immediately evacuate Cuba, was signed, almost 200,000 Spanish troops are in the island. The only Spanish soldiers who have been sent back to Spain, according to the promise of the Government at Madrid, are those who were sick, and Spain was only too glad to transport them home. There are 118,000 Spanish regulars and 20,000 Spanish volunteers on duty in Cuba, in addition to 52,000 Spanish volunteers who are under arms, but are not in active service. General Blanco has at this moment under his command an army of 191,000 Spanish soldiers as thoroughly equipped and as immediately available as it was when war was on. His force is as large today as it was at the beginning of the war, save for 10,000 troops under General Toral, who surrendered to General Shafter at Santiago and were transported home at our expense.

The Spanish Commissioners here protest that they cannot arrange for the complete evacuation of the island in less than six months. The American Commissioners believe that the Spanish troops can be deported within forty days if reasonable zeal is shown, and they have become impatient because of General Blanco's dilatory tactics. It is a fact that General Blanco has not done anything toward the relinquishment of Spain's sovereignty in Cuba. He has refrained from doing anything toward removing mines from the harbor of Havana, and he has refused to put the American Commissioners in possession of information as to the location of them or control of them. That makes it impossible for our Navy to remove them except by tedious dragging, and an American ship entering the harbor of Havana today is as much at the mercy of the Spanish authorities as was the ill-fated Maine.

General Blanco remains in command of the whole of the Island of Cuba except the territory comprising about one-third of the province of Santiago. He collects duties at the Havana Custom-house and pockets the money. He continues to sell worthless military property and to keep intact and under his control all the modern fortifications of the city. In short, he is far from living up to the terms of the protocol, and is endeavoring deliberately to hold Havana as a pledge for consideration at the hands of the Peace Commission.

Spain could undoubtedly have all her troops out of Cuba before December 1st if she was sincere, and it is not improbable that the United States will have to assume a more determined attitude to obtain possession of the island.

WARRIORS WOULD CHOP WOOD.

Pillager Indians Petition Secretary Bliss for Permission.

Washington.—A petition signed by 277 Pillager Indians in Minnesota asking for continuance of authority for cutting dead and down timber was received by Secretary Bliss. It was dated Leech Lake, October 22d, and interesting in view of the part timber cutting methods had in the recent Chippewa outbreak. It is as follows:

"We, the undersigned Pillager Indians, residents of the Leech Lake reservation, do hereby petition the honorable Commissioner of Indian Affairs as follows: That we be allowed to continue the cutting of dead and down timber, as such cutting is our sole means of making a livelihood, and if deprived of the labor incident to such cutting we will be unable to provide for our women and children the coming winter, and they will suffer greatly for the necessities of life. And, further, we do not wish the white men married to Indian women should do the cutting to the exclusion of the Indians, and we do not wish them to log in the names of their wives and children."

Blaine Honorable Let Out.

Washington.—By direction of the President the following-named officers of the Volunteer Army are honorably discharged from the service of the United States, to take effect on December 31st, their services being no longer required: Captain James G. Blaine, Assistant Adjutant-General and son of ex-Secretary Blaine; Captain E. Murray, Second Assistant Adjutant-General.

Roupy chicks of a roupy parentage, are a menace to successful poultry-keeping, truthfully says F. W. Proctor, Rural New Yorker.

THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION. The Past Year Has Been One of Blessings to the American People.

Washington.—The President has issued the following Thanksgiving proclamation:

The approaching November brings to mind the customs of our ancestors, hallowed by time and rooted in our most sacred traditions, of giving thanks to Almighty God for all the blessings he has vouchsafed to us during the past year.

Few years in our history have afforded such cause for thanksgiving as this. We have been blessed by abundant harvests, our trade and commerce have been wonderfully increased, our public credits have been improved and strengthened, all sections of our common country have been brought together and knitted into a closer bond of national purpose and unity.

The skies have been for a time darkened by the cloud of war, but as we were compelled to take up the sword in the cause of humanity, we are permitted to rejoice that the conflict has been of brief duration, and the losses we have had to mourn, though grievous and important, have been so few, considering the great results accomplished, as to inspire us with gratitude and praise to the Lord of Hosts. We may laud and magnify His holy name that the cessation of hostilities came so soon as to spare both sides the countless sorrows and disasters that attend protracted war.

I do, therefore, invite all my fellow-citizens, as well those at home as those who may be at sea or sojourning in foreign lands, to set apart and observe Thursday, the 24th day of November, as a day of national thanksgiving, to come together in their several places of worship for a service of praise and thanks to Almighty God for all the blessings of the year; for the mildness of the seasons and the fruitfulness of the soil, for the continued prosperity of the people, for the devotion and valor of our countrymen, for the glory of our victory and the hope of a righteous peace, and to pray that the Divine guidance which has brought us heretofore to safety and honor, may be graciously continued in the years to come.

By the President,
WILLIAM M'KINLEY,
JOHN HAY, Secretary of State.

REVOLUTION IN TELEGRAPHY. Important Discoveries Announced by General Greely.

Washington.—One point in the annual report of General Greely has escaped public attention, owing to its disassociation with the late war. It relates to the discoveries of two young physicians, Professor A. C. Crehore and Lieutenant-Colonel George O. Squier, Volunteer Signal Officer, who have lately pursued, under the direction of the Chief Signal Officer of the Army, certain scientific investigations that promise to work revolution in methods of ocean telegraphy. General Greely expresses his belief that these discoveries and inventions have assumed such form and phase as to be of the greatest value to the commercial world.

The discoveries have proved conclusively the superiority of a modern alternating current smooth wave, the typical form of which is a simple sine-wave as compared with the system now exclusively used throughout the world in code telegraphy. Under the sine-wave system words were sent and received over a line 1100 miles long at a rate of over 3000 words per minute. Under this new system the speed of the Wheatstone commercial receiver was increased as much as threefold when operated under identically the system of the old code telegraphy. The superiority of sine-wave having been decided by experimental apparatus, the next step was to construct transmitters for actual commercial conditions. Two special apparatuses were devised, one for operating land lines and the other for the transmission of messages over long cables. The first practical tests of the cable transmitter have just been made over the cable between New York city and Canso.

The change from existing telegraphic methods consists in the substitution for the present appliance of a transmitter sending smooth waves, such as are obtained in alternating currents working, without making any other changes whatever in the elements of the present system.

Favora Holding Philippines.

Washington.—United States Postal Agent Vaille at Manila, has submitted a report to the Postoffice Department on the postal operations there. He says everything is moving satisfactorily, and that the largest business houses report mail facilities much better than at any time under Spanish rule. He speaks in glowing terms of the island and expresses the hope that the United States will retain it. He says there is room for millions of people.

He adds that on September 19th he had a short talk with Aguinaldo about the mails in the provinces under Aguinaldo's control, where the former Spanish officials are out and there is no regularly constituted postal authority in charge. Aguinaldo, who has promised to send a representative to distribute the matter, was told that if he could satisfy the agent that the mails sent out would be delivered to addresses in proper condition, they would be forwarded.

ALONG THE COAST.

Interesting Occurrences From all Over the Coast.

NEWS OF THE WEEK CONDENSED.

A Number of Miscellaneous Jottings Briefly and Curly Told in This Column.

Shipments of oil from the Coalinga, Cal., district average 1000 barrels a day.

The Utah & Pacific road from Milford, Utah, has finished seven miles westward.

A new railroad from Perris to Lake View, Cal., seven miles long, is to be in operation December 1.

The Sunset mine, near Cumberland, Wash., has been bought by the Cooperative Mining Syndicate, for \$30,000. It has four veins of bituminous coal.

The Pacific States Telephone Co. is the new title of the consolidated companies with a wire extending from Portland to San Diego, the longest in the world.

English engineers are surveying for a railroad from Batopilas, Sonora, Mexico. It is expected that the new line will have its terminus at Topolobampo on the Gulf of California.

In the bids for extending the north and south jetties at Yaquina Bay, Or., Christie, Lowe & Heyworth of Chicago are the lowest bidders—\$611,940. There were eight other bids, ranging from \$669,000 to \$847,688.

I do, therefore, invite all my fellow-citizens, as well those at home as those who may be at sea or sojourning in foreign lands, to set apart and observe Thursday, the 24th day of November, as a day of national thanksgiving, to come together in their several places of worship for a service of praise and thanks to Almighty God for all the blessings of the year; for the mildness of the seasons and the fruitfulness of the soil, for the continued prosperity of the people, for the devotion and valor of our countrymen, for the glory of our victory and the hope of a righteous peace, and to pray that the Divine guidance which has brought us heretofore to safety and honor, may be graciously continued in the years to come.

By the President,
WILLIAM M'KINLEY,
JOHN

THE ENTERPRISE

E. CUNNINGHAM
Editor and Proprietor.

The Krupps have not yet O K'd the Czar plan of disarmament.

England appears to be somewhat worried by recent manifestations of Jamaica ginger.

Li Hung Chang is no exception to the general rule; it never is an easy job for any one to hold on to a yellow jacket.

In New Jersey, the other day, a man traded his baby boy for a fox terrier pup. Our sympathies are all with the pup.

The flaming red hat is worn by hunters to avoid being mistaken and shot for game. But everybody makes game of the red hat.

They are even naming kittens after Dewey and Hobson. Some of these days, or rather nights, they, too, may be heard from as fighters.

Still, let us not forget that the public owes a debt of gratitude to Cassius M. Clay's divorced girl wife; she hasn't tried yet to elevate the stage.

The slayer of Empress Elizabeth says he is "an anarchist by conviction." But he chose a country where conviction will not give him the rope.

It seems a pity that in the case of the assassin who murdered the Austrian Empress Switzerland can't suspend her laws long enough to suspend him.

It is said that 20,000 Chicago people invest from 25 cents to \$5 per month in lottery tickets. And yet some people say times are hard and the fools are all dead.

A certain woman sewed \$10,000 in the lining of her skirt and a thief found it. If she had merely left the money in her dress pocket it would have been entirely safe.

The Empress of Austria had neither been sketched nor photographed within the last ten years; but of course that made no difference with the American newspaper artists.

The Texas, once regarded as the "hoodoo of the navy," is now deemed good enough to be Dewey's flagship at Manila. Ships, like men, have their ups and downs in popular favor.

One of the principal features of the Paris exposition will be a gigantic revolving tower. And yet some of the American visitors to Paris probably will prefer to go 'round and see the sights in some other way.

The fact that the really decisive victories in the recent war were won by the regular navy and most of the fighting on land done by the regular army shows the importance of preparing for war in time of peace.

If Spain gets too gay about removing the ashes of Columbus Uncle Sam may be driven to the extremity of proving to the world that several Norsemen were in America years before Columbus made that egg stand on end over in Spain.

If we expect to govern Porto Rico wisely Porto Rico must be largely for Porto Ricans. They must have universal suffrage, the Australian ballot box, the primary election, their rural hustings, their ward meetings and their torchlight processions. Of course, they can never be real Americans until they have all these, not to speak of bosses, rings, ward heelers, henchmen, camp followers and whoopers-up. Under the ordinary evolution of political processes they will also have "reformers" in time.

Koch's theory that mosquitoes are the agents in the spread of malaria is not a new doctrine, but has been taught for many years by Italian and East Indian physicians. In the Roman Campagna it has long been known that one might live there with comparative safety by sleeping in the upper stories of the houses where mosquitoes and gnats seldom come. English physicians in India have discovered the germ of malaria in the body of the mosquito, and have seen the disease occur in people after they had been bitten by numbers of these germ-infested insects. There are probably other ways of getting malaria, but undoubtedly a mosquito net is one indispensable means of protection in a malarious district where the pests usually abound.

Shall a diploma or academic degree be given for proficiency in the science and art of agriculture? This question is being considered in all seriousness by the ancient English University of Cambridge. As farmers cannot be made by the use of libraries and laboratories alone, it is understood that a degree would be conditioned on a certain term of residence and actual practice on a farm. In America agricultural colleges, with model farms, have long been in operation; and although still under challenge in some educational circles, they are doubtless contributing to raise the standard and dignity of the farmer's life, and to put the most important of all branches of productive industry on a basis of intelligence and self-respect, with a reasonable promise of increasing profits through improving processes.

No more important, nor more startling, proposition has been made in recent years than that which was sent forth recently by the Czar. He sug-

gested a conference of all the great powers of the world with a view to a discontinuance of the vast armaments now maintained. The ultimate object is universal and perpetual peace. No doubt it is too soon for this magnificent project to be realized. France alone could and will block the plan. She will certainly try to regain her lost provinces before she will disarm. Nor is she alone. The Eastern and Chinese questions must be settled before the nations of Europe will trust each other. But a scheme like this, once proposed by such authority, will never be given up until it has been accomplished. The nineteenth century may not, probably will not, witness its success, but the twentieth century—we may almost say it with confidence—will see something like an abolition of war. Compulsory military service will be abandoned, and take its place with other obsolete barbarisms, and arbitration will be substituted for the cannon, the rifle and the sword in settling all the most difficult disputes between nations.

Because he was made the victim of a tailor's revenge, a man in an adjacent State has been awarded a verdict of \$200 damages, and the case is a warning to other tailors. The revenge was not worth \$200, but the tailor's experience may be. They wear "pants" in the town where the case came up. The tailor made a pair of "pants" and the customer wanted to take them home and try them on. The tailor wanted them tried on where they were, but the customer didn't think it a proper test. There are so many things that fit perfectly in the shop but don't fit at all when you get them home. The tailor objected and the man refused to pay and left the trousers on the maker's hands. Then the tailor had a happy thought. He hung the bifurcated garment in the window with a sign attached bearing the customer's name and announcing that the goods were for sale. People used to pause in front of the window and wonder if poverty had driven the customer to pawn his "pants," or if he had lost them and the tailor had found them and was having an "old horse" auction. Then the tailor feared he would be cheated of his revenge and changed the sign so it announced the customer had ordered the "pants" and they were being offered for sale on a foreclosure. The jury said it was worth \$200 in wounded feelings. It was a mistake in method. The proper way is to let the customer wear the trousers home, and then, if he fails to pay, wait until you catch him wearing the "pants" and suddenly attach a large bulldog to the south extension of them. This is just as revengeful, more fun, and cheaper.

Two examples in our own national history have shown that the dagger or the pistol of the assassin is just as apt to be aimed at the most democratic of officials as at the haughtiest of monarchs; just as apt to pierce the heart of a Lincoln as that of a Caligula. No loftiness, no humility of character; not the divinest love for humanity nor the broadest benefice of aim; neither the greater purity of life nor the most self-sacrificing devotion to the public good none of these are barriers against the violence of men maddened by imaginary wrongs or vicious theories. Anarchists of the type of him who has recently murdered a pure, good woman simply because she was an empress—though whatever power she exercised seems to have spent itself mainly through the unobtrusive channels sought by good women of lower rank—such men discriminate no more than do mad dogs in the choice of their victims. They are, in fact, human mad dogs. To deal with them in a wholly preventive way seems as impossible as to wholly prevent the ravages of canine rables. Let the poisonous microbe of anarchical sentiment lodge in a human brain, and, given a favoring environment, it is bound to complete its mission of evil. The only hope is in making such favoring environment as nearly impossible as we can by cultivating everywhere the spirit of Christian optimism. Anarchism cannot grow where light and cheerfulness prevail; it is the final product of the darkest pessimism—a system of thought wherein there is no room for hope. Make a people happy and anarchism will find no soil in which it can take root; fill a crowd with discontent, and the evil passions on which anarchism feeds begin to run riot. Italy is the home of more discontent, more melancholy, more pessimism, than are found in all Europe and America beside. From her borders have gone the three assassins whose crimes have most lately shocked the world—the murderers of President Carnot, of Premier Canovas and of Empress Elizabeth. And Italy will probably continue to breed assassins and anarchists until a better government, a better education and a better social system shall have made happier the homes and more hopeful the lives of its crowded population.

French Colonies. The number of colonies under French rule is fifteen. They are: Algeria, Madagascar and dependencies, Réunion, Tunis, various settlements in Western Africa, settlements in other parts of Africa, Guadeloupe, Martinique, French Guiana, St. Pierre, Miquelon, dependencies in Indo-China, French India, New Caledonia and dependencies and Tahiti. They have a superficial area of 1,877,991 square miles. Their population is 51,615,427. Their import and export trade with the home country amounts to \$143,806,997 yearly.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Most Fertile Cause of Crime. Often when I have been asked what are the causes of crime, or what is the peculiar cause that sends most of our men to prison, I have of late years invariably answered, "The want of family discipline." The indulgence of the father and mother, who allow the child to grow up without any discipline to form character, leads almost inevitably to evil ways, and consequently to prison.—Ex-Warden A. A. Brush, of Sing Sing.

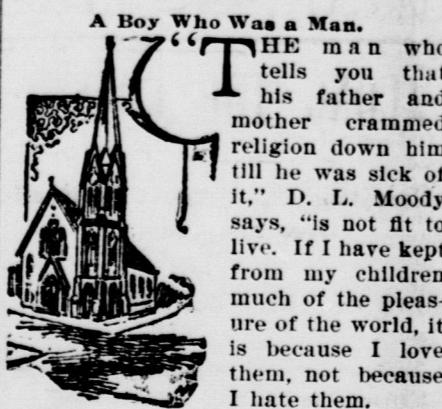
Self Our Principle. When self is our principle and end we rise no higher than ourselves, but when God becometh the life of our soul we follow after Him, and rise far above the highest point to which nature could conduct us.

Religious Notes. The Swiss are supporting 230 orphans

CHAT OF THE CHURCH

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

News Notes from All Lands Regarding Their Religious Thought and Movement—What the Great Denominations Are Doing.

A Boy Who Was a Man.  "THE man who tells you that his father and mother crammed religion down him till he was sick of it," D. L. Moody says, "is not fit to live. If I have kept from my children much of the pleasure of the world, it is because I love them, not because I hate them."

"There was once a boy in college and he was about to graduate. He wrote back to the farm to his mother to come. She replied she could not do so. She said her clothes were worn and she had no money to buy new ones for the occasion. She had already turned the skirt once, and it was ragged on both sides."

"The boy asked her to come anyway. The old woman went, dressed in her best, which was not stylish. The commencement was in a fashionable church. The son was prouder of his mother than of all his honors. He walked with her down the aisle to the center of the church and saw her into one of the best seats. There were tears in her eyes and she burst out weeping when her son came out and pronounced the valedictory. The president pinned a badge on his coat."

"The young man left the stage and went directly to his mother. He took off the badge and pinned it to her dress. There were tears in his eyes, and then he bent over and kissed the wrinkled cheek."

Sam's Sharp Sayings.

Here are some of Sam Jones' witty sayings, reported by the Asheville Citizen. He lectured there recently:

"This is a great old world, and I'm not going to leave it on purpose. Here's one fellow who is not going to kill his self."

"I've no respect for growlers, therefore I don't respect many people. This nation reminds me of a family of spoiled children."

"That philosopher has not yet lived who can tell which is the best estate, to be hungry and having nothing to eat, or to have the colic from eating too much."

"I want to give you the worth of your money if you've got any place to put it. Some of you dollar fellows, I expect, paid too much. But if you haven't got room for it you can just sit still and let it run over."

"There is nothing in this world to which I tip my hat with profounder respect than a genuine man. The only trouble about it is, I don't have to tip it often. A man is bigger than a king—bigger than a president."

"Some old deacon who swindles you will say, 'I'm obliged to live.' That's all a lie—he can die any day he wants to."

"Among the girls we need more honey bees and fewer butterflies. I don't object to bangs; I think bangs are becoming to women and mules."

"Some say that Sam Jones is vulgar. When they say I'm vulgar, it's like the skunk telling the possum his breath smells bad."

"It is a reversal of God's order of things when woman becomes the leader in immodesty."

Seeing the Unseen.

Peace is for those who look at "the things which are not seen." We worry less as we climb higher, not because we are getting above distracting noises and terrifying storms, but because the eye of faith is getting a broader sweep.

We can see where the long, winding road comes out at last upon the mountain top. There are those who hope for peace in future solitude, and who try to get a moment's peace in the present by shutting their eyes; and there are some who imagine that the coveted "hush of the soul" will come to them when they shall have become so absorbed in the contemplation of Christ as to be oblivious to distractions. But peace is not the absence of sight, nor is it to be found in Nirvana; it is what comes to the soul when the eye of faith is opened.

The Blessing of Work.

Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance, self-control, diligence, strength of will, content and a hundred virtues which the idle will never know.—Charles Kingsley.

Most Fertile Cause of Crime.

Often when I have been asked what are the causes of crime, or what is the peculiar cause that sends most of our men to prison, I have of late years invariably answered, "The want of family discipline." The indulgence of the father and mother, who allow the child to grow up without any discipline to form character, leads almost inevitably to evil ways, and consequently to prison.—Ex-Warden A. A. Brush, of Sing Sing.

Self Our Principle.

When self is our principle and end we rise no higher than ourselves, but when God becometh the life of our soul we follow after Him, and rise far above the highest point to which nature could conduct us.

Religious Notes.

The Swiss are supporting 230 orphans

in Sivas for a term of five years and have sent two women to look after their welfare and instruction.

The Roman Catholic papers state there are in Hawaii 33,000 Catholics, 39,000 pagans, Protestants and agnostics and 45,000 Chinese and Japanese. Nearly all the Catholics are natives.

Archbishop Taylor in a recent sermon given at Liverpool declared that "12,000 of the Anglican clergy are in sympathy with the ritualistic movement and that its success means the reversal of the reformation."

The original seals of Harvard College, it is state, contained three open bibles, as the symbol of their illuminating power. Yale and Amherst in like manner make the Bible the source of learning and the foundation of all true education.

It is claimed that Tuskegee Institute, being near to Cuba, will be able to give Cubans religious and industrial training and thus educate a large number who would go back equipped for good and successful work among their own people.

Rev. Daniel Ryan, who has recently been elected commander of the Indiana department, Grand Army of the Republic, is widely known as a pioneer Methodist preacher and it is said there is scarcely a family in the southern part of the State who does not know him personally.

Speaking of a possible invasion of England by its enemies, some one said in the presence of Gladstone: "I suppose that some English companies might be induced to supply them with ships and arms." To which the great statesman replied: "Oh, yes, for filthy lucre they would supply arms to the rebel angels against heaven."

Rev. Dr. Sampson of the Christian Alliance, secured \$55,000 in money and valuables at the collection taken at Old Orchard the other day. But this was a falling off from last year's aggregate, \$65,000, which in its turn was much less than the \$100,000 of the year before. It looks as though the climax had been passed; still, \$55,000 is not a bad day's work.

BREAD WINNERS OF AMERICA.

Nearly 23,000,000 Persons Engaged in Various Occupations.

Interesting data about the occupations of the American people are given in the bulletin of the eleventh census recently made public. It shows that the total number of people engaged in occupations of all kinds in 1890 was 22,735,961. Of the whole number of working people the females form 17.22 per cent. Divided by classes, the working people of the country are as follows: Agriculture, fisheries and mining, 9,013,336; professional, 944,833; domestic and personal service, 4,360,577; trade and transportation, 3,826,122; manufacturing and mechanical industries, 5,091,293. Considerably more than four-fifths of the illiterate male population of the country and over one-fourth of the illiterate female population are working. Over 59 per cent of the workingmen are married, over 27 per cent single, over 8 per cent widowed, and one-quarter of 1 per cent divorced. In manufactures and mechanics, carpenters and joiners, numbering 611,482, make up the greatest element, with dressmakers and milliners following with 499,690. There are over 1,000,000 bookkeepers, clerks and salesmen, 690,658 merchants and dealers, 5,284,557 farmers, planters and overseers, and 3,004,061 agricultural laborers; 349,502 miners; and only 11,000 fishermen and oystermen. Professors and teachers, aggregating 347,344, form the most numerous of the professional classes. Physicians and surgeons, 104,805, come next; then lawyers, 89,630; clergymen, 88,203; government officials, 79,664; musicians, etc., 62,155; engineers and surveyors, 42,239; artists and art teachers, 22,496; journalists, 21,849; and actors, 9,728. Mines and Minerals.

New Homes.

It is probable that many of the future colonists of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands will be colored men from the United States, and especially from the South. They can endure the summer climate of these tropical islands better than can the whites. There has for many years been a strong tendency of colored population in this country to colonize what is already known as "the black belt" on the coast of the Gulf of Mexico. It would be surprising if with new fields opened to the colored man farther south, in the islands which Spain has lost, colored men in the States, dissatisfied with conditions here, should not take this opportunity to make new homes for themselves, and under much more favorable conditions.

"Spe Is."

Harmless "spells," of one kind or another, are regular observances in the lives of the average Southern negroes. Besides the root-chewing, the track-lifting, etc., they have a love philter of frogs' legs cooked in still water, and the ashes of a bat are powerful enough to keep away a rival or an enemy. To make a dog stay at home cut off the tip of his tail and bury it under the doorstep. To make a wife obedient they "draw her pictur" and hide it in the shingles. Thus, waking or sleeping, there is a constant forcing or counteracting of destiny.

Smelting in Mexico.

Smelting began in Monterey, Mexico, in 1891, has increased with each year, and, in view of the inexhaustible supply of minerals, is in its incipiency. The products are shipped to the United States and all supplies are obtained here. Wages are low, laborers in the smelters receiving only 45 cents a day.

Self Our Principle.

When self is our principle and end we rise no higher than ourselves, but when God becometh the life of our soul we follow after Him, and rise far above the highest point to which nature could conduct us.

Religious Notes.

The Swiss are supporting 230 orphans



WIFE'S DUTIES IN HOME-MAKING

VIRTUES, like roses, have thorns that protrude and promote discomfort, piercing when and where you are unprepared. The virtue of home-making may be sadly marred in various ways, says the New York Ledger. Every woman knows in her inner consciousness to just what extent her home is a burden. If she carries it on her shoulders, as Atlas did the world, she is then battling with one of the opposing forces which fate stations at every corner, ostensibly to thwart her designs. Home should be a haven of rest, a resort to which we may all repair to escape the conflict and strife of the outside world. It should be a place where everything is free and every one in it should be individualized, and the motto should be, "Unity in diversity."

Rights of a Married Woman. A decision of the Supreme Court of Indiana in the case of William E. Heal against the Niagara Oil Company establishes the precedent that a married woman can lease her land for the purpose of prospecting for oil so as to give the lessee the exclusive right to drill wells for the purpose without her husband joining in the lease.

The court says that a lease of this character, as far as it conveys such a right for a short time, grants only a temporary use of the land, but intimates that the oil company's right to hold the land for the purpose of taking oil out of the wells it might drill would be doubtful.

DAMAGED DOCUMENT

WHEAT \$2 A BUSHEL.

Some farmers are holding their wheat because they think the price will go to \$2 a bushel. The price, however, may go down and thus great losses will follow. In all matters delays are dangerous, particularly so in sickness. At the first sign of biliousness, dyspepsia, inigestion or constipation, cure yourself with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

"De bigges' dauger 'bout dis hyar business," soliloquized this nocturnal visitor to the hen coop, "an de man bein de gun."

When coming to San Francisco go to Brooklyn Hotel, 208-212 Bush street, American or European plan. Room and board \$1.00 to \$1.50 per day; rooms 50 cents to \$1.00 per day; single meals 25 cents. Free coach. Chas. Montgomery.

"What a lot of b'ack feathers Penelope wears in her hat." "Yes; she is engaged to an undertaker."

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure, 25¢.

Manager—What became of that popular song you wrote? His Friend—A soubrette: murderer.

\$100 REWARD \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been unable to conquer in its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure takes away entirely the disease from the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing her work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75¢.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness since first day's use of Dr. Kinn's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. KLINE Ltd., 930 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me large doctor bills.—C. L. Baker, 4228 Regent Sq., Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 8, 1895.

A STRANGE SENTENCE.

Punishment For a Murder That Was More Cruel Than Death.

In 1801 a man died in the Catskills who had been condemned by one of the strangest sentences on record. Ralph Sutherland was born in 1701 and lived in a stone house near Leeds. He was a man of violent temper and morose disposition, shunned by his neighbors and generally disliked. Not being able to get an American servant, he imported a Scotchwoman, and, according to the usage of the times, virtually held her in bondage until her passage money had been refunded.

Unable to endure any longer the raging temper of her master, the girl ran away. Immediately upon discovering her absence the man set off in an angry chase upon his horse and soon overtook her. The poor woman never reached the house alive, and Sutherland was indicted and arrested on the charge of murder.

At the trial he tried to prove that his horse had taken fright, ran away, pitched him out of the saddle and dashed the girl to death upon the rocks, but the jury did not accept the defense, and Sutherland was sentenced to die upon the scaffold.

Then came the plea of the insufficiency of circumstantial evidence and the efforts of influential relations. These so worked upon the court that the judge delayed the sentence of death until the prisoner should be 99 years old.

It was ordered that the culprit should be released on his own recognizance, and that, pending the final execution of his sentence, he should keep a hangman's noose about his neck and show himself before the judges of Catskill once a year to prove that he wore his badge of infamy and kept his crime in mind. It was a more cruel decision than the sentence of immediate death would have been, but it was no doubt in harmony with the spirit of the times.

Thus Ralph Sutherland lived. He always lived alone. He seldom spoke. His rough, impudent manner had gone. Years followed years. At each session of the court the broken man came before the bar of justice and silently showed the noose that circled his neck.

At last his ninety-ninth year came, the time when the court had ordered that the utmost penalty of the law should be executed. For the last time the man tottered before the judge's bench, but new judges had arisen in the land, new laws had been made, old crimes had been forgotten or forgiven, and there was none who would accuse him or execute sentence. Indeed the awful restriction that had bound his life so intimately to the expiation of his crime was now legally removed.

But the spirit of self punishment continued, and when Sutherland, after he had passed his hundredth year, was discovered dead, alone in his house, his throat was found to be encircled by the rope which had been placed there nearly three-quarters of a century before.—Youth's Companion.

Just the Time.

This is just the time of the year we feel the muscles all sore and stiff, and then is just the time to use St. Jacobs Oil to relax them and to cure at once.

The total area of the Sandwich, or Hawaiian, islands is about the same as New Jersey.

Every Action

And every thought requires an expenditure of vitality which must be restored by means of the blood flowing to the brain and other organs. This blood must be pure, rich and nourishing. It is made so by Hood's Sarsaparilla which is thus the great strength-giving medicine, the cure for weak nerves, that tired feeling and all diseases caused by poor, impure blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine, \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills cure indigestion, 25 cents.

FISG'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION



MOUNT VESUVIUS, the most famous volcano in the world's history, which, as every schoolboy knows, destroyed the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, is again in eruption and great alarm is felt for the safety of life and property in the vicinity of the volcano. The flow of lava goes on unchecked, and if the eruption continues on the alarming scale it has lately reached it will cause frightful misery and immense damage. The lava torrent near the crater, which has a width of half a mile, divides into three principal streams, each seventy to eighty yards wide. These as they pour down the mountain side, again subdivide into numerous smaller streams. They advance at the rate of forty yards an hour, submerging everything in their path, searing the vegetation in the vicinity as though fire had passed over it. An enormous quantity of lava keeps pouring out of the crater. It has filled Vetrana valley, a deep ravine, and ashes lie several inches thick for a long distance down the sides of the mountain and on the adjacent villages. The inhabitants of these villages are in a state of suspense, not knowing what

Spartacus, the gladiator, fought Claudio Puscher. There is no record of an eruption of Vesuvius prior to A. D. 79, although the latter-day scientists have proved that it must have been active before that time. At the beginning of

the Christian era the sides of the Vesuvius were covered with fields and vines, and its crater was overgrown with wild grapes. It is certain that the people living near it at that time had not the slightest idea that it was an active volcano, for the writings of Pliny the Younger and Tacitus show that it gave warning for thirteen years before the great eruption. There were a series of earthquakes and tremendous seismic disturbances.

The great historic eruption took place in August, 79 years after Christ. The lava poured down the mountain side in tremendous streams and buried Herculaneum, at the west base; Pompeii, on the southeast side; Stabiae, on the south side, and Castellamare, which was beyond Stabiae. These cities were inundated and forgotten until centuries after, when the remains were dug up and gave the moderns a perfect insight into the manners and customs of the time of the big eruption. For centuries Vesuvius was quiet. People who lived about it forgot that it had once buried cities and killed thousands. Again did vines cover the crater and its sides were cultivated fields. There had been six months of earthquakes, but these were not accepted as a warning.

The slope of the mountain is one of the most thickly populated districts in the world. The fertility of the soil



moment the volcano may burst forth in all its fury and bury them the same as it did the inhabitants of Pompeii over 1,800 years ago.

The slope of the mountain is one of the most thickly populated districts in the world. The fertility of the soil



is unsurpassed, four crops a year being grown in the best parts.

The spectacle at night is one of indescribable grandeur, and travelers from all parts of Europe flock to see the volcano in action. The faint, palpitating glow that nominally marks the great crater is exchanged for a vivid tongue of light, colored at times almost like a rainbow, illuminating the heavens and reflected with exquisite effect in the waters of the bay. These manifestations are accompanied by deep rumblings and thunderous subterranean



ON THE EDGE OF THE CRATER.

tions, but the average is about 4,000 feet. Its great crater is some 2,000 feet in diameter and about 500 feet deep. It consists of two distinct parts. The ean explosions, followed by great outpourings of lava and ashes. The fresh lava streams moving down the mountain side, steadily encroaching more and more on the cultivated regions, have already caused extensive loss. Several new craters have appeared around the central one, and from these the lava also flows.

Vesuvius' Turbulent History.
Mount Vesuvius lies eight miles from Naples, the largest city of Italy, and overlooks the Bay of Naples. At its base Vesuvius is thirty miles in circumference. Its height varies after its eruption north side is a lofty, semi-circular cliff, called Monte Somma, which has a prehistoric crater. It is separated from the active volcano by a deep valley several hundred feet wide.

The Vesuvius of the ancients was a truncated cone, with a base of eight or nine miles and a height of 4,000 feet. At its summit was a depressed plain, three miles in diameter. On this plain

Vesuvius burst forth in mighty fury on December 16, 1631, suddenly and unexpectedly. It continued until February, 1632. There was a tremendous flow of lava mingled with water, resulting from the melting of the snow and mud. Torre Annunziata, Torre del Greco, Resina and Portici were almost wholly destroyed, and it is estimated that 18,000 people lost their lives. There was another eruption in 1660, but only ashes and steam, which formed mud torrents, came forth.

One of the very grand eruptions occurred in 1779. Huge stones were projected several thousand feet into the air in a cloud of white vapor, with large masses of molten rock. Huge streams of lava poured down the mountain side, carrying death and destruction. In 1794 it burst forth again and Torre del Greco was once more destroyed. In October 1822, an outbreak ruptured the top of the cone, making a crater three miles in circumference and 1,000 feet deep. Since this time Vesuvius has never been wholly quiet. Eruptions have occurred periodically, of more or less violence. In 1855 lava flowed for twenty-seven days, destroying miles of cultivated fields and many houses, but the people fled in time to save their lives. There were eruptions in 1858 and in 1861, which were of little consequence. There were greater flows of lava in 1867 and again in 1872. The eruption in the latter year was very violent, the streets of Naples being covered inches deep with a black sand. There have been other eruptions since that time, which have done more or less damage, but none has been of great importance.

The Rock of Refuge.
In the Sandwich Islands there is a spot called the Rock of Refuge. If the criminal reaches this rock before capture he is safe, so long as he remains there. Usually his family supply him with food until he is able to make his escape, but he is never allowed to return to his own tribe.—New England Home Magazine.

Ocean Steamer's Movement.
Experiments seem to show that a large ocean steamer going at 10 knots an hour will move more than two miles after its engines have been stopped and reversed.

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The older you become, the more it costs you to have a good time.

STRONG STATEMENTS.

Three Women Relieved of Female Troubles by Mrs. Pinkham.

From Mrs. A. W. SMITH, 59 Summer St., Biddeford, Me.:

"For several years I suffered with various diseases peculiar to my sex. Was troubled with a burning sensation across the small of my back, that all gone feeling, was despondent, fretful and discouraged; the least exertion tired me. I tried several doctors but received little benefit. At last I decided to give your Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. The effect of the first bottle was magical. Those symptoms of weakness that I was afflicted with, vanished like vapor before the sun. I cannot speak too highly of your valuable remedy. It is truly a boon to woman."

From Mrs. MELISSA PHILLIPS, Lexington, Ind., to Mrs. Pinkham:

"Before I began taking your medicine I had suffered for two years with that tired feeling, headache, backache, no appetite, and a run-down condition of the system. I could not walk across the room. I have taken four bottles of the Vegetable Compound, one box of Liver Pills and used one package of Sanative Wash, and now feel like a new woman, and am able to do my work."

From Mrs. MOLLIE E. HERREL, Powell Station, Tenn.:

"For three years I suffered with such a weakness of the back. I could not perform my household duties. I also had falling of the womb, terrible bearing-down pains and headache. I have taken two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and feel like a new woman. I recommend your medicine to every woman I know."

First Elephant in America.

It is not generally known that a former citizen of Owensboro brought across the ocean the first elephant that was ever in America. The name of the gentleman was Moses Smith, who at one time owned a vast body of land from the mouth of Panther creek up the river, embracing nearly all the present farms in the neighborhood of Sorgho. Mr. Smith was at Paris with his brother and had "more money than he knew what to do with." He told his brother that he intended taking something to America that the people had never seen. "You had better buy an elephant," said the jocular brother, and that was what Moses did.

He picked out the biggest animal he could find and paid an enormous price for it. He brought it to New York, where it was a nine days' wonder, but the owner soon found that he had something worse than the proverbial white elephant on his hands. He tried to sell it, but could find no buyer and at last undertook to give it away, in which he was equally unsuccessful. Finally he found a man who agreed to pay him \$100 for it, and this individual put it on exhibition. He was so successful that he went into the show business and made a fortune out of Mr. Smith's folly. Colonel Frank McKernan of Adairville is a grandson of Mr. Smith, who lived to a great age at his home in this county.—Owensboro (Ky.) Inquirer.

Satan at Camp Meeting.

We will call him Bishop Simmons. During the afternoon the younger ministers had listened to him with veneration and respect, and when their turn came they found him a dignified and careful listener.

The afternoon was delightful and the camp meeting service was a long one. The good bishop was a keen lover of the weed, and after the meeting had closed he strolled off for a smoke. At a little distance he found an abrupt ledge entirely out of the view of the camp grounds, and going down around to the foot of this he lit his cigar and prepared for a quiet half hour.

As it chanced, soon after one of the younger ministers took a walk from the grounds, and finally came to the top of the same ledge, and, looking down, saw the bishop.

For the space of a moment or two he stood with a gleam in his eye, and then, stooping down, he said in a sort of triumphant tone:

"Ah, Father Simmons, I've caught you burning incense to the devil."

The bishop took out his cigar and turned about till he had swung the speaker fully into view, and then added slowly in a deep voice:

"But I didn't know he was so near."

—Current Literature.

A Burmese School.

The uproar was like that of a runaway engine tearing through a tunnel. The floor was littered with youngsters lying on their stomachs, and all bawling with an energy indicative that somebody was hurting them. Long, slim, scratched upon slips of palm leaf, the equivalent of books in Burma, were spread before the scholars. Making the lads shout is the approved method of elementary instruction. When the master discovers any lagging in lung exercise, a long switch begins to sing through the air. Quiet, serious study is exploded. The Burmese educationists argue that so long as a boy is shouting his mind is occupied. When he is silent, he is certain to be scheming mischief. Therefore the best shouters are the best pupils.—Travel.

While You Sleep.

Do not have too much air blowing through your room at night, or neuralgia may creep upon you while you sleep. But if it comes, use St. Jacobs Oil; it warms, soothes and cures promptly.

The antimonopolistic sentiment in this country is not a modern idea. In 1777 Massachusetts passed an act entitled "to prevent monopoly and oppression."

In the Hawaiian Islands there are twice as many men as women.

TRAINING A WARHORSE.

How He Is Taught to Stand the Blaze and Thunder of Battle.

A warhorse is broken to be steady under fire by tying ropes to his legs. While the animal is down on the ground the officer takes a pistol and fires it close to his car. Then in rapid order he fires the weapon over his back, under his neck, between his legs, anywhere that an opening presents itself during the horse's futile struggles. Not until he sinks back exhausted, all a-tremble and showing the whites of his eyes, does the pistol practice cease.

After two or three lessons of this kind it is considered safe to mount him with a bridle furnished with a curb bit. Up to this time the horse has never felt a curb. The light snaffle is still retained, and the curb bridle is only given a gentle pressure at first, just enough to let him know that it is there. Gradually the strength of the pull is increased, and with this safeguard the horse is taught to stand fire from his rider's pistol or carbine.

In canine practice the horse must be thoroughly broken, as both hands are required in using this weapon, whereas with the pistol the rider may retain the bridle with one hand.

Then comes saber practice, and that is another trial to the horse. Again is he thrown to the ground, and he probably can't understand why he should have to suffer this indignity all over again, for he has learned that lesson very well. But when the bright blade of the saber, with quick thrusts flashing before his eyes and cutting the air in close proximity to his ears, appears to him he is again terror stricken.

But the lesson he has learned from the smell of gunpowder stands him in good stead, and he soon gets over his fear. And even with a man on his back and another mounted upon a seasoned horse coming at him with saber raised in the air or slashing left and right he knows that it is all a part of his education and something to be expected. So he stands his ground or cowers about the other horse while the two troopers indulge in their saber practice.—New York World.

In a Wet Season.

"I see," the editor said, "that you have rhymed 'again' with 'rain.'"

"Yessir," the office poet assented.

DAMAGED DOCUMENT

THE ENTERPRISE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop.

Entered at the Postoffice at South San Francisco, Cal., as second class matter, December 19th, 1898.

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One Year, in advance \$2.00
Six Months, 1.25
Three Months, 60

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SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
BRANCH OFFICE, 202 Sansome St., San Francisco, Room 4, third floor.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1898.

OUR LOCAL REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES.

The importance of the present election to us as a community cannot be overestimated. Aside from the feeling deep-seated in every citizen's breast to do his part in endorsing the grandest administration of the age and in aiding and upholding the policy of that administration by sending a Republican Congressman and a Republican Senator to Washington, there is that other consideration known as personal interest. Politics, like charity, begin at home. The Examiner and other city papers last Sunday and Monday published a prospectus in which they said that the outlook clearly indicated a Republican majority in the next Congress. Can we, as a community, after sending for eight years past a Republican representative to Washington, afford at this time to send a Democrat?

In the face of the prospective revolution of existing conditions on this Pacific Coast, incident to the policy of the present administration, the building of the Nicaragua Canal, the acquisition of the Philippines, the movements of the great powers in the East, and the consequent unlimited development of commerce in the Pacific, can we, as a community, afford to not be in the procession? There is not a citizen on this coast who reads the signs of the times who does not enthuse over the grand future of San Francisco and every point contiguous to San Francisco Bay. The authorities in Washington are today considering under the pressure of events many projects in aid of our commercial development as a State and the betterment of our harbor facilities, particularly in San Francisco Bay. Benicia and other points on our bay recognizing, in the various movements so far made the certainty of the establishment by the Government of a gun plant and other auxiliary governmental industries somewhere on this coast, and that soon, are using every effort to secure for their locality these industries. Do we want none of these things? Can we say to the present administration we, heretofore Republican, now send you a Democrat, who will oppose you in all things, who is a tacit denunciation of what you have done, but we want you, nevertheless, to favor us with some of the good things your policy and wisdom has accomplished? Can we, from a selfish standpoint alone, afford this? If ever there was a time when the Republican representative, Eugene F. Loud, should receive the votes of this community, that time is now.

For the same reason, H. W. Brown should go to the Assembly. He has a vote for a Republican United States Senator. Let us be on record as having done our part towards securing that vote.

Of other local candidates in whom all Republicans are interested, little need be said. Every citizen knows them and has known them for years.

Hon. J. J. Bullock for District Attorney, is a young man of sterling worth both as to ability and character. He has a record known to us all as an unflinching, unvarying, staunch Republican under all circumstances. He was never known to fail to do his duty for his party.

M. H. Thompson has been already mentioned in these columns as a candidate for County Clerk.

Asa Weeks, candidate for Sheriff, is rapidly developing great strength throughout the county. He is a young man, fearless and competent and a thorough Republican.

Of the balance of the local ticket, Barker, Crowe, Tilton, Hayward, Granger, Chamberlain, nothing need be said. They are so well known and so utterly unopposed that their records alone are sufficient commendation to the voters of both parties throughout the county.

SAD DEATH OF JAMES W. KERR.

The news of the sudden and sad death of James W. Kerr, at Millbrae, which was received in our little town on Thursday morning, gave a shock to this entire community. Mr. Kerr was

well known and greatly esteemed throughout the entire county of San Mateo, and in this town his friends comprised the entire community. He was a man whose word was as good as any man's bond.

On Wednesday afternoon, about 5:30 o'clock, as Mr. Kerr was driving near the Millbrae Dairy, his buggy was by some accident overturned and he was thrown with great violence to the ground, receiving injuries which rendered him unconscious, in which condition he remained until about 4:30 o'clock in the morning of Thursday, October 3d, when he expired.

He leaves a wife, a son and two daughters, who have the sympathy of the people of our town and county, and who will join in mourning his untimely death.

RE-ELECT E. F. LOUD.

The people of this Congressional District will make a serious mistake if they permit Congressman Loud to be defeated.

The administration of President McKinley will last through the term of the next Congress and it stands to reason that a Republican can accomplish much more for this District and for the State than a man who is politically opposed to the administration. This is the common sense view of this matter. Admitting that Mr. Craig is a good man, the fact remains that he would, perforce, go with his party on questions of public policy as against the policy of President McKinley. Again, Mr. Craig, as a new, raw member, would spend his first term in warming his seat, simply that and nothing more; while Mr. Loud is an old, experienced Congressman, thoroughly equipped for the duties of the place and already occupying one of the most responsible positions in the House as chairman of the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads.

M. H. THOMPSON.

An opportunity is afforded the workingmen of our town at this election to prove their loyalty by supporting a real genuine workingman for a local office.

Many men who want office and whose hands have never been hardened by a single day's honest toil, pose as workingmen in order to get workingmen's votes, but M. H. Thompson, who is a candidate on the Republican ticket for County Clerk, is a real and genuine workingman, who stepped from the rank of the sturdy toilers in the Frank tannery, at Redwood City, into the County Clerks' office, and who, by the Republican Convention, has been invited to take one step higher in that office. Will the honest wage earners of our town assist this comrade of theirs in taking this step?

What frightful changes and reforms the Democrats have heretofore accomplished with the railroad under the Democratic Governor, Jim Budd, and they promise a repetition of these (?) under the administration of Jim Maguire.

The Holy Trinity, Jim Budd, Jim Phelan, Jim Maguire, says Morehouse.

"Wych" Hazel, Not "Witch" Hazel.

The correct name for Hamamelis virginiana is not witch hazel, but wych hazel. Our plant has no connection with the magic of the water hunter. The blackthorn of England, Prunus spinosa, was the wood used in these divinations, or whatever these superstitious practices may be termed. Hazel had a very wide meaning in the olden times, and the elm, as well as the nut now known as such, was hazel. One of these elms, now known as Ulmus montana, was the favorite wood for making wyches or provision chests, and was therefore known as the wych hazel. In the present day it is the wych elm. Our hamamelis received from the early settlers the name of wych hazel from the resemblance of the leaves to those of the wych hazel or elm of the old world. Language reformers imagining that wych should be spelled witch are responsible for the confusion. Wych hazel is the correct term for our plant.—Meehan's Monthly.

Cruel Spaniards.

Spanish officers as well as men generally incline to cruelty and treachery. Here is a story in point, told by an ex-captain authority:

"In Alcala, the Guardia Civil—that is, one of the crack troops—was after a robber band. One of the robbers was caught. Being promised a full pardon, he gave away his comrades. This man had no sooner signed the paper that served as his death warrant for his late friends when the officer in charge said, 'We will begin with him.' The robber was immediately shot in the back of his head."

What She Was Doing.

"You see, Phyllis had to stop to fix her hair"—

"Arrange, child; not fix. Fix means to make fast."

"Well, that's what she was doing. It was coming loose."—Indianapolis Journal.

POLITICAL CARDS.

For Superintendent of Schools,
E. M. TILTON,
(Present Incumbent)

Regular Republican Nominee

M. H. THOMPSON,

Regular Republican Nominee for
Clerk and Recorder,
Of San Mateo County.

For Sheriff,

JOSEPH H. MANSFIELD,
Regular Democratic Nominee

For District Attorney,

J. J. BULLOCK.

Regular Republican Nominee

For Assembler,

C. D. HAYWARD,

(Present Incumbent)

Regular Republican Nominee

For Justice of the Peace
First Township,
E. E. CUNNINGHAM,

(Present Incumbent)

Regular Republican Nominee

For Auditor,

GEORGE BARKER,

(Present Incumbent)

Regular Republican Nominee

Value of Toes in Walking.

The idea that the lesser toes are necessary in walking is generally entertained, and it has been a surprise to European physicians to learn that amputation of all the lesser toes of both feet has been followed by complete recovery and the restoration to usefulness of both the feet operated upon. The feet healed slowly after the operation, but very steadily and without unpleasant complications. The operation was performed, and in a little more than a year and a half the patient danced all night and experienced no inconvenience whatever on account of having only one toe on each foot. She rides a wheel, plays tennis and enjoys every sport that girls of her age are fond of. The cause of the trouble was originally chilblains, which was neglected until it produced contraction of the muscles with the most intense pain, which was at times so severe that she could not enjoy the necessary amount of sleep. Surgeons are of the opinion that a great deal of needless suffering is endured which might be relieved by extremely simple operations on the feet.—New York Ledger.

Dodging a Shot.

When Dewey was first Lieutenant of one of the gunboats which Farragut used as a dispatch boat the admiral often used to come aboard and steam up near the levee to reconnoiter. The southerners had a way of rushing a piece to the top of the high bank, firing point blank at the gunboat and then backing down again. Upon one such occasion Farragut saw Dewey dodge a shot.

"Why don't you stand firm, lieutenant?" said he. "Don't you know you can't jump quick enough?"

A day or so after the admiral dodged a shot. The lieutenant smiled and held his tongue, but the admiral had a guilty conscience. He cleared his throat once or twice, shifted his attitude and finally declared:

"Why, sir, you can't help it, sir. It's human nature, and there's an end to it."

The Recruit's Religion.

Captain Philip Trevor begins a paper in The Nineteenth Century on "The Catholicism of the British Army" as follows:

"What's yer religious persuasion?" said the sergeant to the recruit.

"My what?"

"Yer what? Why, what I said. What's yer after o' Sundays?"

"Rabbets mostly."

"Ere, stow that lip. Come, now, chuch, chapel or oily Roman?"

And after explanation from his questioner the recruit replied: "I ain't no wise pertickler. Put me down chuch o' England, sergeant. I'll go with the band."

The Place For the Repentant.

They had eloped and returned for the parental blessing.

"Father," the beautiful young woman said, "we are sorry for what we ave done. Will you?"

"Amen," the stern old man interrupted.

"Why don't you go to the lawyer and the corner? I'm no divorcee."

"Chicago News."

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SMITH'S
CASH STORE

LOCAL NOTES.

Vote for Jos. J. Bullock for District Attorney.

Sheriff J. H. Mansfield was in town on Wednesday.

Vote for Eugene F. Loud. It means much for our little burg.

Vote for Henry T. Gage for Governor and that old honest miner, Jacob Neff.

Don't fail to put the name of M. H. Thompson on your ticket next Tuesday.

E. C. Collins has made a commodious addition to his residence on Olive street.

Harry Pearce and Constable Dan Neville of Colma were in town on Tuesday.

David Greenleaf Jr., brother of Mrs. W. J. Martin, paid our town a visit Tuesday last.

Capt. Rehberg has broken ground for his new building, corner of Linden and Baden avenue.

Mrs. George Sutherland gave a Halloween party to the young folks on Monday evening.

For fire insurance in first-class companies, apply to E. E. Cunningham at Postoffice Building.

Terry Masterson, Postmaster at San Bruno, returned home from the State of Washington last week.

Vote for our fellow-citizen, H. W. Brown; remember he has a vote for United States Senator.

Miss Marguerite Duer celebrated her sixth birthday on Monday by giving a party to her young friends.

Read our editorial on local candidates. It contains many facts of great interest to our little community.

Frank McMahon, proprietor of the Toll Gate House, on San Bruno Road, attended the Republican rally on Monday.

Don't forget or fail to do your full duty as an American on Tuesday next, by going to the polls and depositing your ballot.

Rev. T. Duncan Ferguson will hold services at Grace Church tomorrow (Sunday), at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday-school at 10 a. m.

Vote for C. S. Laumeister for Railroad Commissioner—an anti-railroad man and a man of large business interests throughout the State.

When you mark your ballot place a cross opposite the name of H. W. Brown for Assemblyman for the Fifty-second District, for he's all right.

Honest Jacob Neff, candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, was one of the first lot purchasers in our little town. Mr. Neff contemplates improving same soon.

Mrs. Cunningham's condition has been so serious the past week that Dr. Holcomb gave orders to allow no one to see her other than her husband and the nurse.

M. H. Thompson, Asa Weeks and P. P. Chamberlain, candidates upon the Republican County ticket, attended the Republican mass meeting at this place Monday evening.

A meeting of the Baden Gun Club will be held on Wednesday evening, November 7th. All persons interested in the affairs of the Gun Club are earnestly invited to be present.

Mrs. W. J. Martin went to St. Lukes' Hospital Thursday for a second operation. Mrs. Helen Greenleaf, mother of Mrs. Martin, will take care of Mrs. Martin's home during her absence.

Don't forget the masquerade ball, to be given by the Woodmen of the World on Wednesday evening, November 23, for the benefit of a Christmas tree and Christmas presents for the children.

A ball will be given by the ladies of South San Francisco, at Butchers' Hall, Saturday evening, November 12, 1898, for the benefit of the Catholic Church Building Fund. General admission, 50 cents.

The ladies of our town have decided to give a ball on Saturday evening next for the benefit of the building fund of the proposed Catholic Church at this place. Tickets will be on sale on Monday next, and we will have full details of the entertainment in our next issue.

The Frank Martin cottages on Baden are looming up in fine style under the skillful hand of Contractor Bratcher. Although these cottages are only half way finished, one has already been rented in advance, a circumstance which shows the eager demand for more houses.

The addition to the Baden Hotel is about finished. It consists of an ample kitchen, a cold storage room for meats, and other perishable supplies, a bedroom and a large pantry and store room. With these improvements, this popular house will be enabled to materially enlarge its business and provide for the comfort of its patrons.

TWO MILLIONS A YEAR.

When people buy, try, and buy again, it means they're satisfied. The people of the United States are now buying Cascarets Candy Cathartic at the rate of two million boxes a year, and it will be three million before New Year's. It means merit proved, that Cascarets are the most delightful bowel regulator for everybody the year round. All druggists 10c, 25c, 50c a box, cure guaranteed.

REGISTERED VOTE FIRST TOWNSHIP.

The Great Register of San Mateo County just printed shows the following total of registered voters in the First Township, viz:

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A ROUSING REPUBLICAN RALLY.

The Republicans of this enterprising town determined upon having one, and but one, political meeting at this place, during this campaign, and resolved that it should be a good one. The meeting was held in Butchers' Hall, on Monday evening, October 31, and it was a grand success. Immediately preceding the opening of the doors, the San Mateo band standing in front of the hall in the light of a roaring, blazing bonfire, roused the enthusiasm of our citizens with a few selections of stirring music. The hall doors opened promptly at 8 o'clock and within ten minutes the hall was packed and crowded with an eager and expectant audience, including a large number of ladies.

Mr. Julius Eikenkotter of the County Central Committee, called the meeting to order and introduced W. J. Martin as chairman, who opened the meeting with a few appropriate remarks, and then introduced Hon. Henry Ward Brown of Colma as the Republican candidate for Assemblyman, as the first regular speaker of the evening.

The speech of Mr. Brown was forcibly logical, and, at times, eloquent. After touching briefly upon national questions, Mr. Brown made a strong appeal in behalf of the Republican county ticket. The speech made a good impression and not only increased Mr. Brown's strength here, but aided the county ticket as well. Hon. Joseph J. Bullock, Republican nominee for District Attorney, followed Mr. Brown, and made a rattling good speech replete with wit and good humor.

As the conclusion of Mr. Bullock's speech, Hon. Eugene F. Loud was introduced as our present and next Congressman. Mr. Loud's address was the kind that wins votes for the ticket. It was plain, sensible and convincing address, by a man thoroughly familiar with his subject. His review of the history of the Pacific Railway Funding Bill in Congress, the part played therein by Congressman and fusion candidate for Governor, James G. Maguire, and the nature of the much-discussed amendment to the Deficiency Appropriation bill providing for a settlement of the Central Pacific Railroad's indebtedness, was clear, concise and convincing. Mr. Loud made a strong speech, full of good, hard, common sense, expressed in plain, clear, forcible English, without any attempt at oratory. It will be useless for the Democratic press or opposition orators to attempt to discredit Mr. Loud here by representing him as a man of no ability.

The last speaker was Hon. E. Myron Wolf, and, in this case, the best was held in reserve. Mr. Wolf's speech was a model in the way of a stump speech. The mingling of wit, humor, logic and eloquence were mixed in just the right proportion and swept his audience along, amusing, instructing and convincing them. Mr. Wolf is a young man and we predict for him a brilliant career.

The audience were in accord with the speakers and responded with frequent applause. The music was good, the enthusiasm universal, and when the meeting adjourned with three rousing cheers for Gage and Neff and the Republican ticket, every one present realized that good and effective work had been done for the Republican cause and candidates.

ARE YOU AN ATHLETE?

"An Athletic Primer" is the October number of Spalding's Athletic Library, just received. The book is published for the Amateur Athletic Union, and is especially designed for the guidance of those who are athletically inclined and yet do not know what steps to take toward the formation of a club or the construction of grounds.

It is the intention of the Amateur Athletic Union to encourage athletics in every town and village in the United States, and there is no reason why there should not be a club wherever there is a school or factory. The benefits to be gained from systematic exercise are incalculable, and the subject of physical education, which is now receiving so much attention in schools and colleges, is the result of agitation such as the A. A. U. is now engaged in.

The A. A. U. is a national organization of amateur athletes, and is the recognized governing body for all athletic sports in the United States.

Further information on this subject may be obtained from J. E. Sullivan, the secretary, 16 & 18 Park Place, New York.

We publish the following letter received by Mr. James Carmody as an encouragement to the committee and to our citizens who are making an effort to build a Catholic Church at this place. The writer, Mr. Thomas O'Donnell is well known to our citizens, having resided here for some years.

San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 30, 1898.

Mr. James Carmody: Dear Sir:—Please insert the following names in your church fund list:

Thomas O'Donnell, \$50; Mrs. Jane O'Donnell, \$25; Miss Matilda O'Donnell, \$5; Mrs. Mary McBride, \$5; Mrs. Catherine McBrearty, \$5; Mrs. Sarah Charles, \$5; Mrs. Nellie Paunrisk, \$5. Total, \$100.

I have collected this money and I will deliver it first opportunity. Wishing you success in your undertaking,

Yours truly,
Thomas O'Donnell.

UNION COURSING PARK.

MIALMO THE VICTOR.

Firm Friend Is Runner-Up After Two Hard Fights.

Mialmo carried off the honors in the open stake at Union Park yesterday and beat the veteran Firm Friend, who was a 3-to-1 favorite, in the final course in what appeared to be a pointless race. The talent decided that Firm Friend had had more than he could carry off in the fifth course, and when he came up against Moondyne, who was in great form, it made Moondyne the favorite at 3 to 2. It was an interesting course, Moondyne going ahead in a long lead up to the hare, but Firm Friend passed him before he scored the turn and beat him pointlessly. When the final came many pinned their faith to the old dog, and Firm Friend sold a 3-to-1 favorite over Mialmo, but Mialmo did the work easily.

Diana won the veteran stake, with Master Glen Kirk runner-up. In the piggy stake Motto was the winner and Gold Hill second. Favorites won during the day with but few exceptions.

Hayseed put out interesting at 4 to 1, Rose of Trälle beat Laurelwood II at 5 to 3, and the final was a victory for the shortenders. The other favorites defeated were about even money.—S. F. Chronicle.

BEAUTY IS BLOOD DEEP.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body.

Began to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets

—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

The meeting was opened by Hon. Hugo K. Asher of San Francisco, a gentleman very well and favorably known to our townsfolk. Mr. Asher is a young man of more than ordinary ability, and from the Democratic standpoint, made a very good speech. His remarks were frequently punctuated by the applause of his auditors. Hon. J. W. Marble of San Francisco had been billed for the occasion, but being unable to attend, his place was ably filled by Hon. Herman Gutstadt, who proved

Diarrhea in chicks may be caused by a chill, or lack of grit, or feeding boiled eggs.

When people buy, try, and buy again, it means they're satisfied. The people of the United States are now buying Cascarets Candy Cathartic at the rate of two million boxes a year, and it will be three million before New Year's. It means merit proved, that Cascarets are the most delightful bowel regulator for everybody the year round. All druggists 10c, 25c, 50c a box, cure guaranteed.

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DEMOCRATIC MASS MEETING.

On Thursday evening of last week our Democratic fellow-citizens and not a few Republicans gathered at Butchers' Hall to hear the issues of this political campaign discussed by prominent Democratic orators.

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ANECDOCE AND INCIDENT

A Polish Jew was arrested here the other day, and, when taken to the city prison, his condition was so uncleanly that he was told by the corporal to strip and take a bath. "Vat, go in de water?" he asked. "Yes, take a bath; you need it. How long is it since you had a bath?" With his hands aligned upward, he answered: "I never was arrested before."

Something she had bought was not delivered, and the Duchess of Somerset went to learn the reason. The proprietor was much distressed at the mistake, and, wishing to know which clerk had served her, inquired: "Was it a young gentleman with fair hair, your grace?" "No," said she, sweetly, "it was an elderly nobleman with a bald head."

The French ambassador of the day complained to a bright Englishwoman of high rank because her country failed to intervene in the Franco-Prussian war, ending his diatribe with the remark: "After all it was to be expected. We used to think you were a nation of shop-keepers, and now we know you are." "And we," said she, "used to think the French a nation of soldiers, and now we know they are not."

Women of title are obviously not plentiful in Vancouver. Such a person recently entered a shop there and offered some goods. "Name and address?" asked the shopman. "Lady Blank," she replied, and then gave the address. For several moments the shopman scanned her up and down with a look of ineffable contempt, then, turning to his companion, he asked sneeringly, in a loud voice: "Say, does she think I'd take her for a man?"

A stern professor in a Chicago preparatory school for girls sat at his desk, trying to unravel a knotty problem, when a fluffy-haired miss of 16 approached. "Please, sir," she began, in a tremulous voice, "will you grant me permission to go out riding with my brother this afternoon?" The old man had not forgotten the days of his youth, and, looking over his spectacles, he slowly said: "So you want to go riding with your brother, do you? By the way, is this brother of yours any relation to you?"

Oscar Wilde's last epigram, before his reputation suffered so profound an eclipse, was uttered in a London Turkish bath. "It is strange," he remarked, "how, as one grows older, his philosophy of life becomes so simple as to be capable of reduction to three or four elementary principles. Now, my philosophy, for instance, is all summed up in three fundamental axioms." "And what are they?" he was asked. "Well," said Wilde, musingly, "the first of them is this: 'Never go to see a play by Henry Arthur Jones.' "And the other two?" "Oh, the other two don't really matter if you only observe the first."

An amusing story is told in the New York Sun of a clubman who, going to his club on his return from a trip abroad, was surprised not to meet Brown there. Brown has been on the club rolls for twenty years, and during that time no one ever saw him buy a drink or refuse one. Moreover, he was always at your elbow when you ordered a drink. The returned traveler missed Brown, and asked one of the members what had become of him. "Why," he exclaimed, "you are way behind the times. Brown died two months ago, poor fellow. The club buried him decently and erected a monument over his grave." "I am sorry to hear that," the traveler replied, "for Brown was not a bad fellow. What kind of monument did you give him?" "I will show you a photograph of it," said his friend, and he did. The photograph portrayed a tall shaft, on which was inscribed the words: "Here is one on me, boys. Thomas Brown." As a matter of fact, Brown was not dead. He had been dropped for non-payment of dues, and the photograph was made from a drawing that now hangs in the club.

A good story of John D. Rockefeller, the millionaire, is told. A newly engaged clerk in the employ of the Standard Oil Company was sent to work in a small room that contained a health lift. Every morning at about 10 o'clock, when this clerk was particularly busy with figures, a small, black-mustached man, quiet and diffident in manner, entered, said "good-morning," walked on tiptoe to the corner and exercised for a quarter of an hour. It became a bore to the clerk, who at last, one day, remarked with considerable heat to the stranger: "How do you expect me to do my work properly while you are fooling with that blasted machine? I'm getting tired of it. Why don't you put it where it won't worry a person to death?" "I am very sorry it annoys you," said the stranger, flushing; "I will have it removed at once." A porter took it away within an hour. A few days later the clerk was sent for by Mr. Flagler, whom he found in earnest conversation with the small, black-mustached man. The latter smiled at seeing him, gave Flagler some instructions and left the room. "Will you tell me who that gentleman is?" the young man asked, a light beginning to break upon him. "That was Mr. Rockefeller," was the reply. It was the clerk's first acquaintance with the head of the great corporation by which he was employed.

An Acquired Habit.

It is a matter of general knowledge that the mountain parrot of New Zealand, the kea, has acquired the very destructive habit of piercing the backs

of unfortunate animals attacked. It was at one time believed, says Chambers' Journal, that the birds had learned this habit from procuring fatty particles from the skins of sheep which had been slaughtered; but now a more likely solution of the problem has been suggested by a correspondent of the Zoologist. This gentleman, who writes from Melbourne, tells us that in the hilly districts of the middle island of New Zealand there grows in great quantity a white lichen which bears a strong resemblance to sheep's wool. Beneath this lichen are to be found small white fatty substances, which some suppose to be the seeds of the plant, and others describe as maggots which infest it; but whatever they be, they form a favorite food of the kea. It is suggested that the bird, misled by the resemblance of the sheep's wool, digs down into the flesh in the hope of finding this white substance of which it is so fond, and that in this way the new habit has been originated.

In the first place, probably the birds are misled by mistaking dead sheep for masses of the lichen under which they had been accustomed to find their favorite food.

HUNTING SPANISH GOLD.

Has Been the Favorite Diversion of Divers for Years.

As a matter of fact, Spanish gold, strewn on the floor of the sea, has done much to improve the art of the diver. Before the armada year was out we began to search for the treasure the wrecked ships were supposed to contain, and these efforts were renewed from time to time down to the present century. One of the first to try his luck was the Marquis of Argyll. He sent to Glasgow for a diver and several descents were made to the ships sunk off the Island of Mull. The diver's want of success was no doubt due to the rudeness of his apparatus. It is said that air was supplied to him by means of a leather pipe, but it is not likely that he was able to remain under water more than two or three minutes at a time. Some eighty years later another attempt was made at the same ships, this time with a rough kind of diving bell. After a great deal of trouble three guns were brought up, and then the operations were finally abandoned. It may help to thrill some of the tourists who visit these northern seas to know that under their sliding keels lie Spanish ships and unknown quantities of Spanish gold.

A Whitstable diver named Gann is said to have had a pretty piece of luck, late in the present century, with one of the ships of the armada. Business took him to Galway, and one night, over a pipe with the fishermen, he heard the local tradition that a Spanish ship lay off the coast. Gann made terms with a man who said he knew the whereabouts of the wreck, and after several weeks of patient searching with grapnels they came upon traces of a ship. Gann went down in his diving dress and found a large quantity of Spanish dollars. They had been packed originally in barrels, but the wood had rotted away, leaving the gold stacked in the shape of barrels. The diver, with his share of the money, built a row of houses in his native place, and if anybody doubts the truth of the story let him go to Whitstable and ask for Dolar row.—Good Words.

Thrashed Him with Her Tire.

During the procession of Lord George Sanger's circus through Lancaster the other day, a large ostrich got away and marched swiftly through the crowded streets.

An exciting chase took place, during which a young lady mounted her bike, rode in hot pursuit, overtook the runaway bird, and managed to stay its further progress until the arrival of four policemen and two attendants.

Then began a great struggle to recapture it; but the creature laid the policemen and the attendants flat on the floor and began executing some alarming strokes.

Nothing daunted, the young lady ripped the tire from her machine, and with the aid of a lavish amount of elbow grease, gave the infuriated creature a good sound thrashing, after which it submitted and was recaptured.—Answers.

What Our Rulers Get.

President McKinley receives the smallest income of all rulers with the exception of the Swiss President, who only receives £50 a month; the American President receives \$50,000 a year. M. Faure's income is £49,000, but all traveling expenses are included. The Czar of Russia draws £1,800,000 yearly, the Emperor of Austria £900,000, the German Emperor £700,000, while Queen Victoria receives £365,000. The Shah draws £580,000, also the King of Italy and the King of Sweden, whose income is £115,000, receives just half of what the King of Belgium gets. The Queen of the Netherlands can count on £60,000, not quite a sixth of Queen Victoria's income, and the King of Greece has less still, his income being £52,000.—Golden Penny.

Where Women Are Scarce.

If a young woman wants to be coaxed to marry, she should go to West Australia. There are only forty-five women to every one hundred men in that part of the world, and some of the superfluous women of New England would be valued there. No woman knows what a power her femininity is until she has lived where women are few.

London's Police Force.

London has 13,564 policemen, or nineteen men to every one of its 688 square miles. Sixty per cent. of them do night duty.

Uneasy lies the feminine heart that wears a last year's bonnet.

IN THE BROOMCORN BELT.

Crop Proves Profitable in Certain Parts of Illinois.

The busy day for the broomcorn grower is harvest time. The time extends from the 1st of August until Oct. 1. This is arranged by the time of planting, which is during the months of May and June. The farmer plants his broomcorn so that it will ripen at different times during the harvesting period. Great judgment must be used in cutting or harvesting it. If it is cut before ready it will not weigh well and the fiber is not up to standard. Then if it is ripe, or nearly so, it will be colored and that will detract from the price. The ground is plowed and thoroughly pulverized before planting. The cultivating is after the manner of Indian corn. When ready to harvest the farmer gathers his force.

A man walks between two rows breaking the stalks and laying them across each other so as to form a table about three feet high. A man passes along on each side of the table and cuts off the heads or tops of the broomcorn. From four to eight inches of the stalk is left with each head. The tool used for cutting broomcorn is a knife similar to the ordinary shoe knife. The breaking of these tables serves two purposes. It places the heads in position so they may be cut off readily and form a place to lay the heads. Four rows of heads are placed on each table. Teams pass through the field between the table rows and the corn is loaded and hauled to the threshing place. Here it is placed on long tables, which extend to the seeder. On these tables it is straightened out and placed on a carrier belt, which carries it through the seeder. From the seeder it is carried to a barn or shed prepared with shelving, where it is scattered out and left to dry from two to four weeks. When sufficiently dry it is placed in bales of 200 to 300 pounds each. It requires a large amount of add-

passports, shipmen pretending losses at sea." The following inclusion deals directly with the subject of actors: "All fencers, bear wavers, common players in interludes, and minstrels, not belonging to any baron of the realm, or towards any honourable personage of greater degree * * * which shall wander abroad and have not licenses of two justices of the peace of the least, whereof one bee of the quorum where and in what shire they shall happen to wander."—The Nineteenth Century.

A NEW POMPEII,

Discovered by Excavators on the Site of Ancient Priene.

This title is perhaps an exaggeration, but it is certain that if the published reports are true, the German archaeologists who are excavating on the site of ancient Priene have made a discovery of the highest interest. It is well known that Priene is in Asia Minor, and that the modern city of Samos occupied its ancient site. Several years ago an English expedition unearthed and studied the temple of Minerva, the chief sanctuary of the city, built by order of Alexander; but its ruins, although interesting, were abandoned, and they have since been despoiled by the inhabitants of the neighborhood. In 1895 the Germans resumed the exploration of the region in behalf of the Berlin Museum, at the expense of the Prussian government and under the direction of a young architect, Wilhelm Wilberg. The work of excavation is already sufficiently advanced to enable us to judge of its rare importance; a whole city is being unearthed, in almost as good preservation as Pompeii. And this is the more important because up to the present no similar discovery has ever been made that gives precise indications of the general arrangement of a Greek city, of its public monuments, or its individual dwellings. The city thus exhumed is as surely of the period of greatest Greek beauty; the streets cross at right angles and are laid out with the greatest regularity, and we can identify colonnades, theaters, market places, shops and houses with their decorations and interior arrangement. South of the temple of Minerva has been found the agora, surrounded with great colonnades, while opening on one of its corners is a small square edifice somewhat resembling a theater and constituting perhaps the place of meeting of the city council. It is in admirable preservation, and sixteen rows of seats can be seen still in place. Worthy of note is a vault in one of the walls—a thing extraordinarily rare in Greek architecture. We should add, in closing, that among the structures that have been entirely exhumed is a theater whose scene is intact, which will doubtless solve some of the problems connected with this special part of the Greek theaters.—Literary Digest.

BROOM CORN HARVEST OF ILLINOIS.



tional farm help and coming at a time of the year when the farm work of other kinds is slack a great body of men from the adjoining country flock to the broomcorn fields. The broom manufacturer visits the farmer and purchases the crop. Sometimes he depends upon a broomcorn broker. It is sold by the farmer at so much per ton. The price varies from \$50 to \$100 per ton. A ton is the product of from two to three acres. In recent years a large part is manufactured in the broomcorn belt. This broomcorn belt covers but a small part of Illinois. It extends from Neoga on the south to Tinscola on the north, and from Shellyville on the west to Paris on the east. Broomcorn is not the exclusive crop in this belt, for other crops are grown.

ANCIENT STATUS OF ACTORS.

They Were Classed Among "Rogues, Vagabonds and Sturdy Beggars."

There is a common idea that actors are by law considered as vagabonds, the historic basis being a contemplation of the statutes regarding vagrancy. These statutes, crude and general in terms as were all or most of the early enactments, having been made and renewed between the twenty-third year of Edward III. and the fifth year of Queen Elizabeth, were variously repealed and consolidated in 1572, the act being the 14th Elizabeth, chapter 5. In this act strolling players unlicensed are certainly classed among "rogues, vagabonds and sturdy beggars," who are in the preamble of the act termed "outrageous enemies to the common weal," the penalty on conviction being "that then immediately he or she shall be adjudged to be grievously whipped and burnt through the gristle of the right ear with a hot iron of the compass of an inch about"—a punishment only to be abated by some responsible householder taking him, or her, into service for a full year under proper recognition. A second offense became a felony.

The cause of the act "expressing what person and persons shall be so extended within this branch to be rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars" includes the following: "Pre- tended proctors, gamesters, persons faining themselves to have knowledge in physiomedicine, palmistry, or other abused sciences, quack-labourers, ped-

gles and are laid out with the greatest regularity, and we can identify colonnades, theaters, market places, shops and houses with their decorations and interior arrangement. South of the temple of Minerva has been found the agora, surrounded with great colonnades, while opening on one of its corners is a small square edifice somewhat resembling a theater and constituting perhaps the place of meeting of the city council. It is in admirable preservation, and sixteen rows of seats can be seen still in place. Worthy of note is a vault in one of the walls—a thing extraordinarily rare in Greek architecture. We should add, in closing, that among the structures that have been entirely exhumed is a theater whose scene is intact, which will doubtless solve some of the problems connected with this special part of the Greek theaters.—Literary Digest.

A Fair Understanding.

A few years ago, a young man from just across the Connecticut, who was tending the village academy, became sadly infected with the notion that all the maidens were in love with him. While in this state of mind it fell to his lot one evening to see Miss H. safely to her father's domicile. On arriving at the door, the lady invited him to enter. He did so. After a few moments' conversation he arose to leave, and as Miss H. was showing him to the door, she innocently enough remarked that she would be pleased to see him again. Here was an occasion for the exercise of Jonathan's courage and moral principle. Expanding himself to his tallest height, with a graceful but determined inclination of the head, he replied: "I should be happy, miss, to call as a friend, but not as a feller!"

Blaine's Grave.

The grave of James G. Blaine at Oak Hill is visited by about thirty persons a day, and is unmarked save by a small footstone bearing the initials "J. G. B." It is understood among the friends of the Blaine family that the burial at Oak Hill is only temporary, and that Mrs. Blaine intends to remove the bodies of her husband and children to Augusta, Me., as soon as she can make satisfactory arrangements for their burial.

Novels say a terrible lot about the fragrance of the heroine's hair, concerning that hair oil has gone out of

BITS FOR Bookworms

A collection of 136 letters written by Charles Dickens to various correspondents was sold in London lately for \$745.

M. Edmond Rostand, the author of the successful drama, "Cyrano de Bergerac," is not yet 30. His young wife is also a poet, having published while she was still Mlle. Rosemonde Gerard a volume of verse. The pair lead a retired life in a quiet suburb of Paris and steer clear of interviewers.

G. W. Cable has returned from his visit to England and has been for the most part the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Barrie at their house in Gloucester road. He has also been the guest of Dr. Robertson Nicoll and of friends in Scotland, where he found more inexpressibly lovely than even its literature had led him to anticipate.

Marlon Crawford's new book, "Ave Roma Immortals," consists of studies from the chronicles of Rome. The fourteen sections or wards of the medieval city are taken up separately and the record includes the history of famous Romans and of noted buildings. The Macmillans announce this work and also "The Great Salt Lake Trail," by Colonel Henry Inniss and William F. Cody.

A London publisher has beaten the record in the way of advertisement. He publishes a new novel, written in English by an Italian lady, "who is taking the final vows for life in a convent which enforces the most rigid separation from the outer world." After this, Miss Marie Corelli's statement to the Strand Magazine that Mr. Gladstone told her that she was "as a woman, pretty and good," and her secretary's remark, "Who could help loving her? She's so charming and she's so good," are pale.

Rudyard Kipling has joined the war which is waging in England between author and publisher. On the subject of a draft of an agreement which was proposed by the publishers he wrote as follows to the editor of The Author: "I have seen the draft contracts. Nothing that you or The Author or the whole society has ever done to, or said about, the publisher will condemn him half so thoroughly as his own notions of fairness set forth for him by his own lawyer in his own way. Can anyone say more than that?"

RECENT INVENTIONS.

Cows are prevented from kicking while being milked by using device consisting of a wooden or metal bar, to be fastened to the animal's leg by straps above and below the knee joint, to prevent her from bending the leg.

The gas from an ordinary jet can be used to heat a room by means of a new appliance, consisting of a metal ball built up of shells sprung together, with an opening at the bottom which fits over the burner tip, apertures being provided at the sides for the mixing of air with the gas.

An improved boot and shoe driller and warmer has been designed, consisting of a water chamber, having an airshaft through its center, at the bottom of which is placed a lamp with a pipe open to the atmosphere and provided with an expanding end for conducting the hot gases to the toe portion.

Got In on His Eye.

A few years ago, a well-known physician of New York, while visiting Paris, attended an amateur circus—a fashionably society event—to which there was admission only by invitation. He presented himself at the door with a ticket made out in the name of his friend, Prince Orloff, of the Russian Embassy.

"But this ticket is not yours; it is Prince Orloff's and is not transferable," said the doorman.

"Well, am I not Prince Orloff?" asked the doctor.

"No, sir; we know very well that the Prince has only one eye. The other is glass."

"Well, stupid, how about this?" said the doctor, as he took his own glass eye out and held it in his hand for inspection. "Oh, I beg your highness' pardon," said the doorman, "walk right in."

The doctor had very cleverly hit upon the only respect in which he and the Prince resembled each other.

Portable Elevator.

A handy portable elevator for raising packages from wagons to the second story of a building has a supporting ladder carrying a sliding frame, which is raised and lowered by a derrick mounted under the ladder, an adjustable platform being mounted on the frame, which can be set level when the ladder is at any angle.

Gave the Queen a Parasol.

KEEP A-GOIN'.

If you strike a thorn or rose
Keep a-goin'
If it hails, or if it snows,
Keep a-goin'
Tain't no use to sit an' whine
When the fish ain't on your line;
Bait your hook an' keep a-tryin'
Keep a-goin'

When the weather kills your crop,
Keep a-goin'
When you tumble from the top,
Keep a-goin'
Spose you're out o' every dime,
Gittin' broke ain't any crime;
Tell the world you're feelin' fine—
Keep a-goin'

When it looks like all is up,
Keep a-goin'
Drain the sweetness from the cup
Keep a-goin'
See the wild birds on the wing,
Hear the bells that sweetly ring,
When you feel like sighin' sing—
Keep a-goin'

—Frank L. Stanton.

BREAKING THE NEWS.

O YOU think he'll take it badly, Nora?"
Nora Helmsley shrugged her shoulders.
"My dear Betty, you ought to know more about Mr. Markham's powers of endurance than I."

"But what do you think he'll do? What do you suppose?"

"Why waste our time in position? He'll be here most likely this afternoon, and you will be able to judge for yourself."

Betty Oakhurst sprang to her feet.

"Ted is coming here this afternoon? Why on earth didn't you tell me before?" And she fidgeted nervously with her hat before the glass as she spoke.

"But you knew. Betty, where are you going?"

"Anywhere out of this," cried the girl, laughing nervously as she stooped to kiss her friend.

Nora, however, caught her arm. "Nonsense, Betty! You'd much better tell him straight out now and get it over. It will be ever so much more awkward for you if the news reaches him from outside."

"I don't see that at all," returned Betty quietly, as she drew away from her companion. "I am sure that if—if you—" She paused tentatively.

"You don't mean to say that you expect me to tell Ted Markham that you've jilted him?"

"I certainly don't expect to put it in that way," replied Miss Oakhurst, with a little laugh; "but I am quite certain that you would explain it to the poor fellow much better than any one else."

"Explain!" exclaimed Nora, impatiently. "I don't know that there's anything to explain, except that you've put yourself and me in a most ridiculous position."

"Nora!" She covered her face with her hands. "Oh, if you were not in love with Betty, didn't you see—didn't you guess weeks ago?"

The voices of the chaperons were loud in condemnation when the engagement was announced, and the mothers of younger sons and unglit titles declared that Lady Hewitt had allowed her niece to throw herself away; while Betty Oakhurst shook her pretty head and reflected sadly that men were fickle creatures and that feminine friendship was but a broken reed.—London World.

The Real Author of "Dixie."

Neill Bryant and Colonel John F. Kilkenney of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad had been friends even since their early boyhood, and whenever they meet the reminiscences that are called up are replete with the flavor of the high-rolling days when Neill was a star member of the celebrated Bryant combination, so many years America's most popular minstrels.

"It makes me tired, very tired," said Mr. Bryant, "to read all this stuff in the papers about Will S. Hayes being the author of 'Dixie,' when everybody except the most besotted ignoramus in the land knows that my old colleague, Dan Emmett, wrote it, and was the first man to sing it when he was performing with Bryant's minstrels."

Dan Emmett is alive yet, out in an Ohio town, though the old boy has long since retired from the stage. It is a stupid thing to try to put the authorship of the stirring confederate battle song on Hayes or anybody else, when there are scores of people living who can substantiate the statement I have made as to the real author."—Washington Post.

"Why is it," he asked "that beautiful women are always the most stupid?"

"Sir," she replied, "am I to understand that you desire to cast reflections upon my mental capacity?"

"Oh, no," he hurriedly returned; "I have always said that you were one of the brightest girls I ever—"

But he didn't finish. Before he could do so he realized that he had said the wrong thing and could never make it right.

How Cactus Whisky Is Made.

The Apaches of southern Arizona make whisky from the sap of a small species of cactus. They cut out the hearts of the plants, resembling little cabbages, and in the cup-shaped receptacles left behind the sap accumulates. From this sap they distill the famous mescal, which drives those who drink it to sheer madness.

Ted Markham took the chair she offered him, and listened in silence while she rattled on. Suddenly she stopped, conscious of his fixed glance.

"Is anything the matter?" she asked, in a slightly alarmed voice. It was surely not possible that he could already have learned Betty's treach-

ery.

Nothing makes a man quite so mad as to offer to help his wife, and then be told that she can get along better without him.

THE NEW FRENCH FIELD GUN.

It Is One of the Deadliest Agencies of Destruction Yet Devised by Man.

The secret about the new gun of the French army has leaked out, and it is now known that the French have a very deadly weapon. The gun is of 2.95 inches caliber. The barrel is of nickel steel, and the breech mechanism is based on the screw principle, simplified so that it can be closed quickly enough to make the cannon a rapid firearm. The ammunition is in the form of a complete cartridge, made of drawn brass. The weapon is a single-loader, as may be imagined from its size, and in order to secure rapidity of fire it must be served by at least four men. In practice the gun is served by a gunner who passes the cartridges to a man who stands on the left side of the carriage. He in turn passes it to the gunner, who sits behind the breech. The latter is charged with opening the breech, inserting the ammunition and closing the breech. The breech in closing cocks a hammer. By the right side of the gunner charged with loading the gun sits the gunner, who is charged with aiming and firing it. The discharging of the hammer is done with the ordinary line known technically as the lanyard.

Behind the gun carriage is another soldier, who with a lever turns the gun if it needs to be swung far on one side or the other, but the ordinary aiming is done by the gunner on the carriage.

She left the sentence unfinished. Ted Markham's demeanor puzzled her; he was quite white, and there was a look in his eyes which troubled her. What was there in her fluffy-haired blue-eyed little friend to move a man so? That her companion had taken some great resolution, and that a singularly difficult one, it was easy enough to perceive.

"Are you going to be away long?" she asked awkwardly. "I mean, are you going far?"

"I think of going to have a look at the antipodes. My father has some interest, and I hope to get sent off to Melbourne."

"But haven't you made up your mind rather hurriedly?" she objected timidly.

"Hurriedly? Why, I put things in train weeks ago!"

"Weeks ago!" she exclaimed. "But Betty's engagement is quite fresh. Did you suspect—"

"I suspected nothing. I knew—" "You knew!" she exclaimed indignantly. "Then why didn't you speak? Why didn't you tell me?"

"Tell you?" She stared at him, his tone was so vehement. "Oh, about Betty, you mean?"

"Of course. What else could I mean?"

"Nothing, of course—"

"Really, I don't understand you."

He laughed drearily as he rose. "No, I must not explain. Good-by."

She looked up at him with startled eyes.

"You are too hard on Betty. She—"

"On Betty? Don't you know that I haven't thought of her for weeks—that I found out long ago that we had made a mistake?"

"Then, why are you going?"

She managed to keep her eyes upon his face, though her cheeks burned and she felt almost choked.

"Don't you know that I am almost a pauper?" he said bitterly, as he turned away.

Nora took a step after him. "Are you going," she asked in a trembling voice, "because you want to make your fortune, or because—because I am rich?"

"Nora!"

She covered her face with her hands. "Oh, if you were not in love with Betty, didn't you see—didn't you guess weeks ago?"

The voices of the chaperons were loud in condemnation when the engagement was announced, and the mothers of younger sons and unglit titles declared that Lady Hewitt had allowed her niece to throw herself away; while Betty Oakhurst shook her pretty head and reflected sadly that men were fickle creatures and that feminine friendship was but a broken reed.—London World.

A FARM OF 21,700 ACRES.

It Is Not the Only One Owned by Missouri's Millionaire Farmer.

The phenomenal success of David Rankin, of Tarkio, Mo., proves that fortunes can be made in farming as well as in other lines of industry. Mr. Rankin is known as the "millionaire farmer." His is worth \$5,000,000, and it all resulted from an original investment of \$52. That was in 1846, when, at the age of 21, he was given a colt by his father. He sold the colt for \$52, invested the money in calves and rented a farm. His first investment brought good results and he bought a farm. At the age of 25 he owned eighty acres, clear of debt. Step by step he added to his possessions, until after being fifteen years in the business he owned 4,000 acres. At the same time he continued to deal in cattle, until he had 12,000 to 15,000 head. When he had acquired 10,000 acres of land in Missouri and 4,000 in Nebraska he was not yet satisfied. That was in 1885. He went to Atchison County, Mo., and bought 21,700 acres, which he divided into fourteen ranches. He built his home near by, in the city of Tarkio, and every day he rides out over his great estate, interviewing his superintendents and watching the progress of crops.

Of course hundreds, and sometimes

thousands, of men are required in the management of Mr. Rankin's immense farm—cowboys, plowmen, gardeners, builders and practical farmers. An idea of the immensity of his business can be gained by the man who cares to sit for an hour or two, in the shade of his five-story brick barn in Tarkio, and watch wagon after wagon, with four and six teams hitched to them, and with two pairs of sideboards on them, loaded to their utmost capacity with oats, wheat and corn, driven into the yard.

Caught in a Box.

"Why is it," he asked "that beautiful women are always the most stupid?"

"Sir," she replied, "am I to understand that you desire to cast reflections upon my mental capacity?"

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ery.

Nothing makes a man quite so mad as to offer to help his wife, and then be told that she can get along better without him.

Smoking Before a Battle.

Soldiers returning from the war in Cuba had many stories to tell of the comfort they took in a pipe of tobacco.

In too many cases it was about all the

comfort they experienced until they reached home and friends once more.

A story of tobacco on the battlefield is told by an officer of the British royal horse guards, who took part in the charge of the "Blues" at Tel-el-Kebir, Egypt. During a bivouac in the early hours of the morning, just before the engagement commenced, orders were issued against smoking. Some of the troopers, however, dug little holes in the sand, in which they buried their heads, in order to enjoy a few whiffs of a pipe. The order to mount was suddenly and softly given. In a minute the squadrons were mounted and riding off, and were almost at once engaged with the enemy's outposts. The well-known charge followed, and when the troop major came out to call the roll of their men one of them still had a short pipe between his lips. The charge had been dashing, and the soldier's disobedience was wisely overlooked.

TRUE BLUE.

Every reader is familiar with the phrase "true blue," but very few know

anything of its origin. Its first assumption was by the Scotch Covenanters in opposition to the scarlet badge of Charles I., and hence it was taken by the troops of Leslie and Montrose in 1639. The adoption of the color was one of those religious peculiarities in which the Covenanters affected a pharisaical observance of the Scriptural letter and the usages of the Hebrews, and thus as

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Then I think I'll try the stoop;

So I move as meek's a lamb.

Get to playin' nice as ever—

Out comes 'Liza's broom, ker-slam!

"Come now, boy—you're in my way!"

Out she flies. "I've got to sweep!"

My Noah's ark, my cars, and me

All go tumbling in a heap.

"Want to sweep me off the earth?"

That's how I talk back to her;

But it's not a mite of good—

'Liza comes with such a whir,

Sweepin' dust right in my face,

That I have to cut an' run,

Glad to hurry from a place,

Where there's not a bit of fun!

When I have a little boy,

He shall play just where he likes,

Litterin' up the kitchen floor

All he wants to, makin' kites,

Pastin' scrap-books, playin' kites→

Jolliest place in all the town;

There sha'n't be a 'Liza then

Always bossin' my boy room!"

—St. Nicholas.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Quaint Sayings and Cute Doings of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

Long Comes 'Liza with the Broom.

Just as soon's I get to playin'

Noah's ark or train of cars,

Out there in a nice warm kitchen,

Trouble's in for me—my stars!

'Long comes 'Liza with the broom;

"Look out now, I've lots to do;

Clear your duds out of my way—

Can't be bothered here by you!"

Then I think I'll try the stoop;

So I move as meek's a lamb.

Get to playin' nice as ever—

Out comes 'Liza's bro

TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly eight hundred people.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

202 SANSOME STREET.

WESTERN MEAT COMPANY . . .

PORK PACKERS

— AND SLAUGHTERERS OF —

BEEF, SHEEP AND CALVES

: : :

— PACKERS OF THE —

GOLDEN GATE —AND— MONARCH BRANDS

HAMS, BACON, LARD AND CANNED MEATS.

: : :

PACKING HOUSE AND STOCK YARDS LOCATED AT

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO,

SAN MATEO COUNTY.

Consignments of Stock Solicited.

WESTERN MEAT COMPANY.